DELECTIONS For The MIDSUMMER BOOK SHELF!

in the morning for his dram and cleaned up the accidental filth of the day for the same reward. Sleeping in a kennel-like box outside, he had, by reason of this habit, come into the name of "Bow-Wow." At this chance meeting between the two, a strange thing happened. For a second only the genius of Harrison Stuart emerged from its miserable shell and spoke the two words that proved to be the key to Billy's problem. Then it quickly slunk back again into the derelict body of Bow-Wow. From this point the story goes on with the close personal friendship that grew up between the two, with Stuart's great fight for the upgrade, with Billy's gay and steady decline, with the discovery of Stuart's wife and daughter, with the social brilliance of Billy's life, with his love for Octavia Stuart, with his business success, and his more and more frequent lapses into open and conspicuous drunkenness. With respect to Harrison Stuart, so near the goal, this story ends pitifully, just as it would end in the vast majority of similar cases. On the other hand, it leads Billy to put up the splendid fight that one in ten thousand or more is able to make. These writers have achieved the distinction of delivering a vitally important and impressive message by way of a brilliantly clever social drama in which there is never so much as a hint of the common preachments of preform.

A bath, a change of clothing, a couple of square meals and a good night's sleep have repaired the ravages of those seven days and nights of incessant labor and nerve strain, and today I can look back on the experiences of the past seven days with something like a true perspective.

The dawn of day before yesterday found measleep in a dugout beside a Yorkshire battalion cook, who even snored in dialect. Qur party of A. S. C. men had, as usual, come down to the trenches in the dead of night with motor truck loads of supplies. I had volunteered to assist the cooks and quartermaster's detail in unloading and storing away in the dugouts where a wakened in the gray dim hour before sunrise by the crash of an early with the cases of ammunition and rations.

We were awakened in the gray dim hour before sunrise by the crash of an alarm clock of German manufacture. The dugout and communicating trenches, though still in almost total darkness, became alive with the stir and mumble of many men resentfully shaking off the numbness of profound sleep.

My friend and cook sat up in his blankets, yawned cavernously, struck a match and lighted a cigarette, and between puffs stretched his arms and groaned.

"Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fules! Wot d' they want ta begin sa airly fer? Dang 'em, the bluedy fu THE SPLENDID CHANCE. By Mary Hastings Bradley, author of "The Palace of Darkened Windows," etc. York: D. Appleton & Co.

The first half of this romance is gay with youth and ambition in the artist life of Paris. The second holf is bitter with the poignant scenes of war. The first part gives, in most delightful fashfon, the story of a young American girl
who is a student in the art schools of
that city. Katherine King is a beautiful girl, with brains and sense, with
tact and talent—a fine upstanding, lovable creature of whom any writer might
well be proud. The artists and students
grouped around her. each of them a distinct and lifelike personality, contribute
to this story in a way that objectified
the buoyant grace of the city itself, its
happy insouciance, its picturesque bearing. And an idylite story of romantic
love develops between Katherine King
and the young English captal who
grather. And the second part of
marker. And the second part of
marker of the property of the
marker of the city itself, its
happy insouciance. The story of romantic
love develops between Katherine King
and the young English captal who
grather. And the second part of
marker of the property of the
marker of the captal with
grather. And the second part of
marker of the property of
marker of the property of
marker of the property of
marker of the
marker of the
marker of grather of
marker of grather
marker of the
marker of grather
marker of grather with the poignant scenes of war. The first part gives, in most delightful fash-

I. B. D'Estournelles de Con-New York: The Macmillan

Company.

A statesman of France and twice delby communicating ditch,
a chorus of repressed exclamations of
a chorus of repressed exclamations of
a chorus of repressed exclamations of
satisfaction and the rattle of many mess egate to the peace conferences at The experience to bear upon his study of problems of this country. These problems he has, in the main, gathered for himself out of his extensive travels in the United States. These turn upon our youth as a nation, upon the struggle that is going on between our idealism on the one hand and our materialism on whe other, and upon our international obligations. The writer has much to say in praise of the United States upon its attitude in the present war, with only one thing to say in blame. That one note of censure rises from our failure to make public protest against the invasion of Belgium. The first part of this book, the part from which the statement of our problems comes, is a record of the author's travels to all the great cities of this country and to its most conspicuous places of interest besides. Here are hundreds of friendly sketches of people and places, the impressions of an admiring wayfarer, a keen observer, an astute interpreter and a discriminating judge. The book was written for them it is turned problems he has, in the main, gathered

set and districts watering and half being water and have been in created in the creation of the control of the AND ITS WORK. By James T. Young professor of public administration, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennagan Commany.

The purpose of this study is to describe the government of the United States as its theory supposes it to be rether thoo is in effect a review of the subject for the sake of bringing it or phases so that the instrument of government shall be in better accord with the facts of its operations. The book therefore, bears largely upon the work actually doing in the field of public service. In this connection it discusses the social legislation of state and nation, the regulation and protection of the reforms in the financial system. In dealing with the structural side of the government the writer shows the change that has grown in the restative are known as its three co-ordinate branches. Here he deals with the size of the government. The book is a complication of the subject, it puts into convenient facts that, exceed as the big and the subject, it puts into convenient facts that, exceed a body of important facts that exceed the profession of the profession o

ROUEN, France, May 10, 1915. taken day before yesterday in the

vicinity of Bethune after wit nessing a desperate attempt by the Germans to break the British line.

here, filthy and fatigued from a week of

A bath, a change of clothing, a couple o

'eavy in a minuit."
"W'ere's the tea? Ain't we goin' ter

"Were's the tar 'ave no tea?" complained another.
"Tea up!" sang some one from a nearby communicating ditch, whereat arose
a chorus of repressed exclamations of

satisfaction and the rattle of many measures.
Out in the communicating trenches the cooks dished out the strong black tea from their big "dickseys," as the men came up in single file. The men were still being served when the third shell exploded a few dozen yards down the line, to be followed almost instantly by three or four in quick succession, great jarring concussions that shook

"Dang 'em," said my friend the cook,

as the quivering of the ground caused

him to slop over the tea he was dish-

ing. "They be a-gettin' t'range, they

He was right. They were getting the

range with a vengeance. Shell after

shell jarred earth and air with their terrific blows. It became necessary to put bits of cotton wool in one's ears to

be. Dang 'em."

A GERMAN CHARGE OF

Shells From the Great Guns Fall in Trenches—Cutting Down the Enemy in Groups.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE EXEMY, By George Randolph
Chester and Littles Createster. From this time on the sense of relatively futto methods of hand, leavest the sense of the sen

THE TREASURE OF HIDDEN VAL-LEY. By Willis George Emerson, author of "The Builders," etc. Chi-cago: Forbes & Co.

PHE FASCINATING SIN. By George P. Dillenback, author of "The Mills of the Gods," etc. Brooklyn: M. P. Publishing Company.

RUNAWAY JUNE. By George Ran-dolph Chester and Lillian Chester, authors of "The Enemy," etc. Il-lustrated from photographs. New York: Hearst's International Li-brary Company.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS RE-CENTLY ADDED.

The following list, arranged by sub jects, includes some of the latest additions to the Public Library.

The lists which appear in this column of the month, in the Library's Monthly Bulletin. Copies of this may be ob Suddenly the few that remained halt- tained free at the library or will be

Philosophy.

Baldwin, J. M. Genetic Theory of Reality.
BGA-B199g.
Croce. Benedetto. What is Living and What
Is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel. BE47H384cr.
Heermance, E. L. The Unfolding Universe.
BG-H367u.
Jones, W. T. The Philosophy of Rudolf
Eucken. BE47-Eu251jn.
Kitchin, D. B. Bergson for Beginners. BZ398455k.

Folklore. Craig, A. R. Your Luck's in Your Hand. BUG-C844y. Metelerkamp, Sanni. Outa Karel's Stories, BU47-M560. Russell, N. N. Gleanings From Chinese Folk-lore. BU66-R91.

Bible Study. Bible. Old Testament, Selections. Old Testament Narratives. CBG-R3460, Hughes, E. H. The Bible and Life. CBCE-B874.

H874.
Peake, A. S. The Bible. CBBI-P314.
Sanders, F. K. History of the Hebrews. CBGI-Sa53.
Wild, L. H. Geographic Influences in Old Testament Masterpieces, CBG-W643. Christian Ethics. Brent, C. H. The Revelation of Discovery, CK-B758r. Foedick, H. E. The Second Mile, 1912, CK-F783s.

Shepheard, H. B. Jesus and Politics. CK-Thoburn, Helen, Christian Citizenship for Girls. CK-T353c.

Church and Sunday School.

Ames, E. S. The Higher Individualism, CZ-m37b. Am37h. Clark, L. C. The Worshiping Congregation, 912. CT-C547w. Gwynne, Walker. The Christian Year, ORFleries of God. UZ-in: The Sundsy State.

Lawrance, Marion, The Sundsy State.

Ized for Service, CXS-L434s.

McGiffert, A. C. The Rise of Modern Religious
Ideas, CF-M174r.

Walsh, John. The Mass and Vestments of the
Catholic Church. 1909. CSH-W168m.

Wells, A. R. The Successful Sunday-school
Superintendent. CXS-W4578s.

Biography.

Compton Rickett, Arthur, William Morris, Dickinson, H. W. Robert Pales, 1913, P. M. Robert Pales, 1913, P. Robert Arust. 1913. E-F958d.
Faguet, Emile. Flaubert. E-F61f.E.
Griffis, W. E. Millard Fillmore. E-F488g.
Hare, Christopher. pseud. Men and Women of
the Italian Reformation. E-9H2243m.
Keeler, H. L. The Life of Adelia A. Field
Johnston. 1912. E-J6412k.
Macdonnell. Str. John and Macdonell. Str. John and Macdonelle. John and Macdonelle. Str. John and Ma

Gl54n, Parker, W. B. Edward Rowland Sill, E-81347p, Pennell, Mrs. A. M. S. Pennell of the Afghan Frontier, E-P384p, Price, E. C. Cardinal de Richellen, 1912, E-398pr. Stanhope, Andrey. On the Track of the Great. 81257. 1913. E-B764t. Tumbull, Arthur. Life and Writings of Alfred, Lord Tempson. E-T25tu. Whitman, Walt. Speciment Days and Cellect. 1882-83. E-W3942.

Some Refreshment.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE A N admiral, during the maneuvers den party. "The navy is as abstemious from

THE BRITISH TRENCHES NEAR BETHUNE mass of charging Germans seemed suddenly to have lessened by half. Another breath and only a third of them still struggled on over those few remaining yards. I could now pick out individual men, trying to keep my eyes on some one chap who would live through that fire and reach the trench. Curiously, I found myself making mental wagers as each man that I fastened my eyes on suddenly crumpled up and became a mere lump of gray on the scarred and pitted green field. E. Richard Schayer, Former Washington Newspaper Man Who Enlisted in the British Army Service Corps, Tells How Germans Were Driven Back by the Merciless Fire of Machine Guns, Rifles and Shrapnel—From a Point of Vantage—When the Firing Started.

> "This one will get there," I found myself saying, only to see him sink, imply, to the ground. And yet some must get through, I thought. There were still hundreds on their feet, almost at the very edge of the advanced on fell almost the instant I picked him each Saturday are reprinted, at the end out. From one to another I glanced with the same result.

ed and stood wavering and falling. I sent by mail for 15 cents a year: could see a few scattered figures wavng their swords as though urging that tattered remnant on. Then these figlay still. It was as though I were possessed of death-dealing eyes. All I had to do was look at one man, single aim out from the rest and he dropped instantly under my gaze. The horror

spectacle.

In another moment or two the machine gun ceased its claruer. There came a slackening of artitlery fire and again those full-throated British cheers. The machine-gun crew were taking out their pipes and cigarettes as I rose and looked again over the parapet.

as I rose and looked again over the parapet.

Nothing living was in sight—yes, there was something moving out there among the daisies—a figure that crawled laboriously on hands and knees toward our line. It came nearer and nearer the edge of our firing trench. One could see the white face and dark beard. One leg dragged use lessly along the ground. Then, with a despairing wave of his arm and a long, hopeless cry, the man collapsed and lay very still in the green grass—as still as those hundreds, those thousands, of similar little heaps of grayish blue that dotted the plain as far as the eye could reach.

glorious bit of personal news. I am o proceed to England today and be given my honorable discharge at Woolbelievable.

Solid lines.

In less than ten seconds the whole (Copyright, 1915, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

SAN MARINO REFUSED TO BECOME SECOND MONTE CARLO

front ranks swept on toward us, while BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES. IN THE FOREGROUND IS ONE OF THE DOGS TRAINED FOR SENTRY

from the hip as they ran, those soli over and about them burst a very hell of shrapnel fire. Then came a new

of shrappel fire. Then came a new note in the concert—a terrific clatter and roar all about us as the whole of our line spit forth an incessant stream of rifie and machine gun fire.

I made room for the man at my side to fire through his loophole. Overcome to fire through his loophole. Overcome by the excitement of the moment, I raised myself on tiptoe and peered over intensity. But, unless those yards away, withering under that blast of steel. On they came, but slower, this is a war of no truce or armistice, the forest three dupon our lines, they must lie our three blown in our firing trend. Three dupon our lines three dupon in thousands of tons of reading atell.

For more than an hour the seconds the whole of the situation of the situation of the frustration of his first effect of such concentrated rife, man as though and shrappel fire as the blown in our firing trench. Three dupon our lines thousands of tons of earth our firing trench. Three dupon our firing trench. Three du

outs were buried under tons of earth and rock, killing or maiming all the men who had taken refuge within them. I had worked my way back along the communicating ditches, every now and then thrown off my feet by a nearby explosion and half buried in falling earth and small stones. Battered and bruised, I managed to get to a deep traverse in the sloping meadow behind the firing trench. I staggered into a circular pit and flung myself down beside a group of placid individuals, who puffed contentedly at pipe and cigarette and regarded me with amiable, uncurious glances. outs were buried under tons of earth

Stingee was from miserliness. "Old Stinges was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his shore
cottage. After a couple of hours of
dry talk, the old fellow said genially
"'Would you like some refreshment
—a cooling draught, say—George?
"'Why, yes, I don't care if I do, said
George, and he passed his hand across
his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.
"'Good!' said Old Stingee. Till just
open this window. There's a fine sea
breeze blowing,"